

Vol. 10 - No. 3

THE



ARCHON

February 1916

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THE ARCHON

Published six times during the school year by the students
of Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

Vol. 4, New Series

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 3

BOARD.

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|--|--|---|
| Athletics, JAMES G. FERGUSON, '16. | Editor-in-Chief, T. STEWART BRUSH, '16. | Locals, CLAYTON B. SPENCER, '16. |
| Home Life, CLARENCE REYNOLDS, '16 | Alumni Editor, ARTHUR C. HAVLIN, '15. | Exchanges, FRED H. GOODWIN, '16. |
| Assistant Manager, ABNER M. BEAVER, '17. | Business Manager, WALTER L. FLANDERS, '16. | Assistant Manager, DOUGLAS B. FRANCIS, '18. |

SCHOOL NOTES.

On the 26th of February, the Sons of Dummer will hold the annual dinner at the Harvard Club in Boston.

Rhetoricals and preparations for the debate with Newburyport high will begin as soon as the Minstrel Show is out of the way.

Following Midyears some of the larger classes will be cut in two sections, based on the work thus far accomplished.

Mr. Bentley's camp reunion comes on the 19th of February, and will take quite a group of the Moodyites to Boston.

Mrs. Haughton has the Moody House boys at work, twice a week in the manual training department. Everything is manufactured, from elephants to wagons. An exhibition is expected in the near future.

BUILDING PLANS.

It will be necessary next spring to build a new schoolhouse, or to enlarge the Parsons' schoolhouse considerably. Mr. Arthur Shurtleff, the landscape architect, is very carefully studying the possibilities of the grounds with a view of making all new structures contribute as much as possible to the beauty and harmony of the whole.

FACULTY NOTES.

Faculty meetings are now held in the Moody House, usually on Wednesday afternoons.

During Midyears the masters visited various schools. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Farrell went to Milton; Mr. Evans to Portland, and Mr. Horne to several Boston schools. Later, it is planned to go to other schools in the vicinity.

The new writing master is Principal McIntosh of the Haverhill Business College.

NEW FIRE ENGINE.

A fine new chemical has been purchased for the school, from Knight & Thomas. It is kept in the new garage and can be attached to the rear of a motor car for transportation, or may be drawn by a string of "husky" youths. It has two forty-gallon tanks, and can throw a powerful stream to the tops of any buildings in the vicinity.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETINGS.

The Junior Class has held two meetings since Christmas. After much discussion a class pin was decided upon. The class colors are Dartmouth Green and White. The class will hold its annual dance on the twenty-third of March. A masquerade is planned.



• LITERARY •

THE FIRE DRILL.

They had been out two days, now. Williams and his young wife were always together, promenading the decks or lounging in the salons and card-rooms. When Williams was not with his wife, he could always be found chatting with the captain, who seemed a very good friend of his. But the moment Williams left for a visit with Captain Hanover, a suspicious but good looking man seemed to hover around Mrs. Williams. At first she ignored him entirely, but as she was left alone so often, she grew tired and longed to talk with someone. It was on one of these instances that she fell into conversation with young Dixon. He proved to be a very amusing young chap but Mrs. Williams seemed to notice an air of "bravado" about him. Always in his talks with her he would relate adventures and pose himself as hero.

Early one evening when Mr. and Mrs. Williams were in their state-room, Dixon passed by their window.

"Who is that man," asked Williams, suspiciously, "he seems to know you, doesn't he?"

"Why,—yes, Stewart, I was talking with him the other day when you were up in the pilot house. He seems to be a gentleman and is very interesting to talk to. He must be very brave too, after all the adventures he has had. I wish you would talk with him, Stewart."

"I don't care to ever see the man again, let alone talk with him," an-

swered Williams gruffly. "He doesn't appeal to me at all." With this Williams left the cabin and walked up and down the upper deck. After an hour or two, just as he was about to go down to his room, a deep voice asked him what he was doing up at this hour. He turned and saw his friend, the captain.

"Hello, Lew," he said shortly.

"What's the matter, old man," asked his friend, "something troubling you?"

"I should say there was," Williams told him, "I've only been married a month and my wife is beginning to flirt already, his name is Dixon. Isn't that enough for a man to worry about?"

"Yes, but why worry over that," said Lew. "I'll cure your wife of flirting and fix it up all right. You see, I know this Dixon for he has crossed before on my ship. He seems to be a good fellow but he likes to brag a little. Now, tomorrow night, about midnight, I am going to have a sort of "drill" to see if the crew can handle passengers in time of trouble. I have warned the crew about it, but none of the passengers know, so as soon as I give the signal, you rush in and 'break the news' to Dixon and see what he does. Get me?" asked the captain, nudging his friend.

"I get you," answered Williams, cheerfully.

The next night after everyone had retired except the crew, the captain let the anchor fall with a loud crash and stopped the engines. Everyone

awoke and ran out on the deck. There was excitement, but the captain assured all that they had only hit a small iceberg and would have to launch the life-boats in case the danger became greater.

In the meantime Williams entered Dixon's cabin, but could not find him anywhere. He then started for his own state-room, thinking he had failed with his little joke. On his way down the hall he met his wife. She was nervous and excited but he told her that it was only a drill and to go up on the deck. Then he entered his cabin and switched on the lights. To his great astonishment he saw Dixon standing in the middle of the room frantically putting one of his wife's dresses on.

"What are you doing in here?" thundered Williams.

"Why, why, er, I just came in a moment ago and as no one was here, I just —."

"I know," spoke Williams; "You're going to pass as a woman and get into the life-boats instead of staying on the ship and helping like a man! I guess you'd better come up with me and perhaps I can help you get away." Dixon followed, not knowing what to do; and they walked out upon the deck. The passengers had become quiet now and when Williams came out leading Dixon, everyone wondered what was to happen next. Williams turned to Dixon and told him that he could return the skirt to Mrs. Williams, since there would be no need of it now. Dixon took it off and handed it to Williams amid the jeers and laughter of the passengers.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams continued to be seen together but Dixon was not seen again until the end of the voyage.

C. L. R., '17.

A LITTLE INCIDENT OF A GREAT WAR.

Sapper X—— was home from the

front for a week, having received a furlough. He had told us many interesting and exciting stories of his experiences while in the trenches, and on this cold evening as we gathered around the open fireplace, we begged him to tell us of another adventure.

"Well," he began, "it was during the last week of October, 1914, a week of severe fighting along the whole left wing of the French line. My regiment was detailed to dig a new line of trenches for the advance of the infantry.

"We started digging shortly after sunset, and soon the battlefield was dark, but when the Germans realized what we were doing, they commenced firing those infernal rockets which lighted the place so that we had great difficulty in digging without being killed. As it was, many of my comrades fell that dreadful night. We had to get down on our stomachs and with a short entrenching tool, dig a shallow depression, just deep enough to kneel in, without being seen from the German lines. Then we gradually dug deeper until we could stand, and then the infantry came up. This trench digging was very hard on our backs and we were so lame that a moment's rest was welcome, even though the shells were bursting in quick succession overhead.

"After the infantry was settled, we were ordered to make bombs for blowing up the barbed wire entanglements of the Germans which were about 100 metres distant. These bombs were made as follows: on a long, narrow strip of board, several packages of melinite were tied and a long fuse joined them together. These bombs were to be pushed under the wire, the fuses ignited and the melinite, being a very powerful explosive, would blow the entanglements to bits.

"We worked the rest of the night, and when daylight came the 'Boches'

began a terrific bombardment. It lasted most of the day, but towards the end of the afternoon the big guns became quieter. Then volunteers were called for, to blow up the wire. A very bright young man, Sapper S——, stepped forward, immediately followed by five others. The first man to volunteer was placed in charge of the crew.

"When the German bombardment had grown less terrific, the men started on their perilous task. To each pair was given a small metal shield and a melinite bomb. These shields were very low and the men had to crawl on their hands and knees, and often on their stomachs.

"As I said, they started out, I watched them from between two bags of earth. There was a large beet field stretching from our trench to the wire entanglements. Over this the poor fellows had to crawl, often resting between the rows of beets, and when they started on again, were met by a volley from the German lines. How it was that the bullets did not pierce the thin shields, I do not know, but as I watched, I prayed to God that these brave men be saved.

"They were almost up to the wire when the Germans got their range with the artillery, and soon the big guns were making it hot for the little crew. Every instant I expected to see a shell burst in their midst but they managed to get the bombs under the wire and the fuses lighted, without being hit. Hurriedly they backed away and then came a terrific blast. The whole wire entanglements seemed to rush skywards in a hurry.

"The men crouched under the cover of a beet row and waited for the infantry to charge the breach, but a counter-command having been issued, the soldiers remained in the trenches.

"Their entanglements having been blown up, the Germans began to get

excited and they fired blindly in the direction of the little band of sappers. In a few moments I caught sight of something rolling over a sod. It dropped behind the cover, and slowly came creeping across a little open space. By the flare of the rockets I could see that it was Sapper S—— coming back to our trench without his comrades and without a shield. In a short while he came jumping or rather falling over the parapet and tumbled into the trench. When he had regained his feet he saluted the commander and asked what he was to do with his men. The commander ordered him to call his men back, but as it was impossible to shout he again crawled across the beet patch with neither shield nor rifle.

"After several minutes I saw the men coming back toward our trench dragging the shields behind to protect themselves from the fire of the Germans. They all reached the trench safely. Several weeks later I learned that Sapper S—— had been awarded the military medal."

D. S. L., '17.

DOES IT PAY ?

" . . . And boys, I leave it to you and your honor."

It was the respected and beloved principal, Mr. Webster, who spoke thus. Quarterly examinations—those difficult and puzzling, were being held in the Carter study room. Some ten or twelve pupils sat restlessly in their chairs, anxiously awaiting their individual question papers.

There was one in the silent room who sat perfectly motionless, with a cool, unconcerned air about his features. It was Bob Baird—better known to his associates as "Spud." Spud was a fat, jolly fellow of the "he's a good guy" type. His complexion was somewhat ruined by a



CHRISTMAS DANCE.

The third dance of the year, the Christmas dance, was held in the "gym," as usual, on Saturday evening, December eleventh, 1915, and proved to be a great success. The committee of four were, as printed on the program: "Buzzy" Beaver, "Ducky" Drake, "Jimmie" Ferguson, and "Bruder" Spencer. The patronesses were: Mrs. Ingham and Mrs. Bentley.

The gymnasium was decorated with banners, flags, and strings of electric Japanese lanterns. Punch was served and enjoyed by all, especially by the spectators; much was consumed thereof.

The principal feature of the evening's entertainment, barring the young ladies and the "moonlights," was the music. "It was simply gorgeous," as someone expressed it.

All agreed that they had had "some time," and that it was a "great dance." We feel that it was a very fitting "wind-up" for the school year.

ENTERTAINMENT.

The first of the two entertainments given by the men and boys of Dummer Academy for the benefit of school athletics was held Saturday evening,

January twenty-second, in the gymnasium.

The following program was enjoyed by all:

Instrumental trio, Opus 53, Hans Sitt

Mr. Thomas, piano; Mr. Evans, violin; Mr. Flanders, 'cello.

Solo, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling"

Mr. Beaver.

Reading, "Our Folks"

Mr. Reginald Horne.

Quartette, "Mr. Boogie Man"

Richards

Mr. Evans, Mr. Brush, Mr. Beaver, Mr. Nutter.

Duet, "Mr. Michael McGlinn of Dublin Town," Encore, "Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom."

Paul Byrd, Lorenzo Fauntleroy of Hampton Inst. of Va.

Solo, "Good Night Little Girl"

Mr. Beaver.

Instrumental trio, "Kammermusik"

Bach

Mr. Thomas, Mr. Evans, Mr. Flanders.

Quartette, "Lovely Maiden,"

Mr. Evans, Mr. Brush, Mr. Beaver and Mr. Nutter.

Reading, "How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost"

Mr. Reginald Horne.

Duet, "Soldier of the Cross." Encore, "The Mellon on the Vine."

"Mamy."

Paul Byrd and Lorenzo Fauntleroy.

Paul Byrd and Lorenzo Fauntleroy seemed to be the hit of the evening. Everyone thought that they were "very, very fine."

After the vocalists and musicians had finished their part in the entertainment, the rest of the evening was devoted to dancing. A local orchestra, composed of drums and piano, furnished the music.

At eleven thirty the dance "broke up." All agreed that this new form of entertainment had proved very successful and many expressed the wish that it be repeated next year.

SANTA CLAUS AT DUMMER.

Santa Claus came to Dummer Academy, Thursday evening, December sixteenth, in the person of Mr. Bentley. Each gave someone else a present not exceeding twenty-five cents in cost. The gifts which took the form of personal hits were both practical and impractical; Dr. Ingham received a squirrel, with the instructions: "To be attached to the rear spring of the Ford." Mr. Farrell received a pipe and some "makins." This was impractical. Mr. Nagle, our football coach, who had returned for a visit, received a telegram commanding him to send his new overcoat back to its owner. Dolls, dogs and horses abounded in great numbers.

When everyone had received a gift, Santa put on his fur coat and departed, after having wished us all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

BELGIUM RELIEF FUND.

Several days before the Christmas vacation a fund was taken up among the students and faculty for the Belgium relief. Everyone responded generously and the sum of seventy-five dollars was collected. One half of this money was sent to the Belgium

headquarters in Boston and the remainder to the Polish relief. Letters have been received from Treasurer Charles G. Bancroft of the International Trust Company and from Joseph H. O'Neil of the Federal Trust Company thanking us for the gift and explaining how it had been used.

LECTURE ON BLIND.

On Sunday evening, December fifth, Mr. Green, the state commissioner for the blind, gave Dummer Academy and friends of the school a most interesting talk on what the state of Massachusetts has done and is doing for the blind. The lecture was illustrated by slides. Mr. Green told us many facts and instances which showed that the percentage of blind in Massachusetts today was much less than in the past. We are indeed indebted to our neighbor on the turnpike for his address.

REV. EDWARD CROWDIS SPEAKS.

On Sunday evening, January twenty-second, Rev. Edward Crowdis of Rowley gave us a very interesting talk on "our opportunities" here at school. Closing by dedicating a poem, "To Our Boys," to the school.

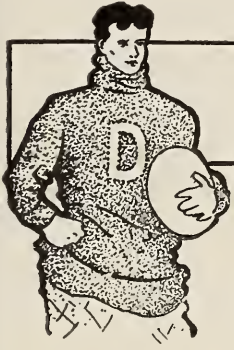
REV. W. P. SANDERS LECTURES.

Rev. W. P. Sanders of Boston, the secretary of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, lectured to the students Friday evening, Feb. 5, on prohibition.

DANCING CLASS.

The dancing class is progressing remarkably. Many promising Vernon Castles are coming out this season.

Flanders: "It's better to give than to receive." "That's what the 'Profs.' say about demerits."



ATHLETICS

As the winter weather begins to encircle us our minds turn to the sports of basketball and track. Our basketball team, though it has just been organized, is going along at a very fast clip. About the beginning of the second week in December Mr. Farrell divided the school into five basketball teams and arranged a schedule for them. This proved a great success for great spirit was manifested in it at once. The result was that by doing this we now have a fine nucleus for our newly organized team.

January the 15th our second team played the Newburyport Y. M. C. A. team. The game was well played but our boys were too big and fast for the Newburyport team. Neither team shot a basket until the 5th minute of play when Johnstone, our right forward, shot the first basket. After this Johnstone kept up his good work and shot basket after basket. The Newburyport team scored their four points on fouls. At the end of the game the score was 24 to 4 in our favor.

The lineup was as follows:

DUMMER 2ND, 24;

NEWBURYPORT Y. M. C. A., 4
Johnstone, lf, rf, Patten
Shaw, Worcester, rf, lf, Haley
Knowles, Ellis, c, c, Perkins
Pino Suarez, rb, lb, Trebach
Worcester, Laucks, lb, ..rb, Perkins

Goals from floor, Johnstone 9, Ellis 2, Laucks. Goals from fouls, Trebach 2, Perkins, Patten. Referee, R. Horne. Time, one ten and one fifteen minute period.

The league games are being played

on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The members of the winning team are to be each presented with a watch fob or jersey. The teams are called by numbers such as teams I, II, III, IV and V. The captains of the teams respectively are Woodward, Burns, Brown, Pino Suarez, Nutter. Each team is to play each other three games, so in this way each team must play twelve games. At present teams III and V are tied for first place, while team IV is second.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 27, our varsity basketball team, after only four days' practice, met and defeated the Hamilton H. S. team which is supposed to be one of the best in the county. The game started with a rush and first one team would score and then the other. At the end of the first half the score was 8 to 7 in our favor. At the beginning of the second half Mills shot a basket which he followed by another. This lead was soon overcome by the Hamilton boys. Burns shot a foul and we won the game by one point. The whole team is to be congratulated on its fine showing. The stars of the game were Fuller and Burns for us, and Chittick for Hamilton. The lineup was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Dummer</i> | <i>Hamilton H. S.</i> |
| M. Burns, rf, lf, Stone | |
| Mills, lf, rf, A. Burns | |
| Fuller, c, c, Cook | |
| Brush, rb, lb, Feener | |
| Nutter, lb, rb, Chittick | |

Score, Dummer 13, Hamilton 12. Goals from floor, Mills 3, Chittick 3. A. Burns 2, M. Burns, Fuller, Nutter. Goals from fouls, A. Burns 2, M.

Burns. Referee, Horne. Time, two fifteen minute periods.

The track team surely looks as though it was going to experience a very good season. The relay race, which was to be run with Amesbury this last fall, is to be run this spring. On January 22 Bob Kramer, our track captain, ran Jack Ryan, a B. A. A. star. The race was 1000 yards and Kramer was given 40 yards handicap. Kramer was beaten by about sixty yards but it was due to his unfamiliarity with the track.

The following schedule has been made for the relay team by Manager Nutter: Huntington Interscholastic meet, the Lawrence meet February 22, the B. A. A. meet March 4, and the New Hampshire state meet in May.

The following fellows were elected assistant managers of the teams and they are to become next year's managers: Rowe for baseball, Fuller for track, Knowles for basketball, and Julian Smith for football.

DOES IT PAY?

Continued from Page 8
thick coat of tan.

Across the aisle Walter Richman was seated. Richman was a tall, dark featured youth, whom once you looked at you would be sure to turn around and look at again. His eyes, deeply set into his somewhat sunburnt face were brown and keen. His hair, brushed neatly, but not too much so, was brought back in a so-called "pomp." It was black.

What a contrast between the two: Spud, cool and sure; Richman, uncertain and anxious.

Walter Richman was handed his question paper. He glanced it over and pushed back into the seat, discouraged. He sank down in despair.

"The very things I've got a line would be asked," he meditated.

When Spud received his paper he also looked it over. His attitude was very different from Richman's. He smiled to himself.

"The very things I've got to live on," mused the fat boy.

Turning cautiously about, to make sure no one was watching, he yanked from his cuff a small pad, on which were scratched notes.

Richman witnessed the act.

"I may flunk—but I could never cheat like Spud. It doesn't pay."

Two days had elapsed. Assembled eagerly in the Carter room was Mr. Webster's class.

"The marks are ready. Does any one object to my reading them aloud?"

A general murmur of "No, indeed, sir," went up.

"The pass mark as you all know is 70 or C. The averages are as follows: Pearson, 80; David, 78; Baker, 75; Richman, 59; Fenton, 67; Baird, 97 ———" and so on down the columns he read.

Richman's face fell. He could see his parents reading the quarterly report. How his father would look when he saw the failure in that most important study. Sadly he left the room.

Spud's countenance was lighted with joy, but somewhere in his happiness there was something lacking.

Outside he encountered Richman.

"Hard luck," sympathized the fat boy, "but, did you see how neatly I pulled off the job? Too bad you didn't do my way, old boy."

"You're right," agreed Richman, weakening, "I guess it pays!"

Another hard quarter-year had passed. Examinations were again held in the Carter study room. Again the question papers were passed



LOCALS

ARCHON LOCALS.

Mr. Horne: (To Laucks.) "Why do they call you 'Lauzzy'?"

Laucks: "Because that's my father's name."

Spencer: "The word for 'dear' in French is 'Chere' and has a grave accent over the second 'e'."

Mr. Lacroix: "That's right, Spencer. Are you in the habit of using it more in the feminine?"

Spencer: (Translating German.) "Was giebst du mir wenn ich dir spinne? Mein Halsband. 'What will you give me if I will spin for you? My halter.'"

Mr. Lacroix: "Come, man, that means necklace here."

Mr. Lacroix: "The Walkure of mythology were sort of 'non-commisioned goddesses.'"

Mr. Lacroix: "Flanders, did you get the three problems?"

Flanders: "I spent so much time on the first that I had no time for the second, and I didn't understand the third."

Mr. Horne: (In chemistry.) "Well, Lacroix, not a very good recitation. What time did you go to bed last night?"

Lacroix: "I went to bed in the afternoon."

(N. B. Come, Donald, what did papa send you to bed for?)

Ferguson's translation of the phrase, "Une argument tue par les cheveux." "An argument drawn by horses."

Woodward: "Spencer, will you leave a suit case at Providence for me as you go through?"

Spencer: "Who shall I give it to?"

Woodward: "Why, just say, 'Woodward to anyone,' they all know me."

Laucks: "I obtained the answer by timesing the first two terms and extracting the square root of both the last three."

Goodwin: (In track.) "I'll give one side a handicap."

Reynolds: (Trying to keep warm.) "I wish I had a handicap."

Laucks: (Telling about the Christmas vacation.) "She was pretty young for her size, though."

Spencer: "What have you been eating, Reynolds?"

Reynolds: "Nothing except about a dozen peanuts."

Spencer : " Why do you buy them by the dozen ? "

Geography students of Dummer Academy need only to go to Ferguson to see the " great divide. " Pretty stylish way you and Reynolds wear your hair, Jimmie.

Ferguson : " Fat, have you made any New Year's resolutions ? "

Flanders : " Yes, I've sworn off swearing off. "

Mr. Bentley : (To Paul who is working on a ladder.) " Paul is a Byrd man now in every sense of the word. "

Mr. Lacroix : " Flanders, what kind of a clause does this look like ? "

Flanders : " Santa Claus. "

Flanders : (At table, holding up the empty milk pitcher, with a disgusted look.) " Nothing stirring but the spoon. "

Mr. Horne : (Trying to restore order.) " Now we might as well begin this period quiet as end it. " (N. B. We don't quite get you, Mr. Horne.)

Mr. Evans : " Where is Bartlett today ? "

Brush : " I think ' Fat ' was run over by a baby carriage. "

Nutter : (To Mr. Farrell, who left the door open.) " Were you brought up in a barn ? "

Mr. Farrell : " No, I live in a tent. "

Brush : (Introducing Mrs. Dyer to Mr. Farrell at the " Allied Tea. ") " Mrs. Farrell, Mr. Dyer. "

Ferguson : (In English.) " That was because the rest of the gods got sore at Bacchus. "

Mr. Evans : " Don't say sore, say ' irrigated. ' "

Reynolds was misbehaving in class.

Mr. Thomas : " Reynolds, if you don't quiet down, I'll set Knowles after you. "

Reynolds : " I'll behave, Mr. Thomas. "

Flanders : " My grandfather was a Federal even though he did wear a Union Suit. "

We understand that Sunday afternoons " Rev. " Ashley goes off quietly by himself to the Devils Cave for meditation and prayer. Ask Jones to tell you about this place. It is the belief of some that Jones' only prayer was to reach the turnpike in safety.)

Mr. Lacroix : " Flanders, ' Kaiser ' means ' Emperor ' in German. "

Flanders : " Oh, yes, I forgot to remember. "

Mr. Horne had explained that there were " schools " in literature, named after the originators of the special styles, such as " Byronic, " " Miltonic, " etc.

Reynolds : " Then I suppose that followers of Edgar Allen Poe would be called " Poetic. "

We wonder why " Clarence " gets so fussed at supper Thursdays at supper.

Spencer : (In French.) " The Sargossa Sea: that's where Columbus went. He got his propeller fouled with sea-weed. "

Mr. Lacroix : " Who was this young traveller ? "

Ferguson : (Waking up.) " Yes. "

Hale : " Ainsi fixe sur le theorie que fait le vegetaux ligueux. " " Thus fixed on the theory that makes wooden trees. "

Mr. Evans : " What does he mean by, ' Tells his tale ! ' ? "

Drake : " Counts his flock. "

(Continued on Page 16.)

EXCHANGES

- Arlington High School — Arlington, Mass.
- Apokeepsian, The — Poughkeepsie, High School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
- Academy Journal, The — The Norwich Free School, Norwich Conn.
- Argo, The — New Brunswick, N. J.
- Argylite, The — Pen Argyle, Pa.
- Alpha, The — New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.
- Advance, The — Salem High School, Salem, Mass.
- Aerial, The — The Logan High School, Logan, Ohio.
- Billows, The — Ocean City High School, Ocean City, N. J.
- Brewster, The — Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.
- Breeze, The — Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
- Buzzer, The — Avalon High School, Avalon, Pa.
- Blue and White, The — Tamaqua High School, Tamaqua, Pa.
- Brown and White, The — Brown Preparatory School, Pa.
- Blue and White, The — South Bethlehem High School, South Bethlehem, Pa.
- Blue and White, The — Horace Mann High School, Franklin, Mass.
- Brocktonia, The — Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.
- Clarion, The — West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.
- Clarion, The — Salem High School, Salem, Oregon.
- Carnet and White, The — West Chester High School, West Chester, Pa.
- Comus, The — Zanesville High School, Zanesville, Ohio.
- Croaker and Owatonna, The — Owatonna, Minn.
- Choate News, The — Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
- Coburn, The — Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.
- Clarion, The — Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.
- Comet, The — Orono High School, Orono, Maine.
- Chaos, The — Detroit University School, Detroit, Mich.
- Cynosure, The — Fargo High School, Fargo, N. D.
- Dragon, The — Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio.
- Early Trainer, The — Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.
- Echo, The — Hazelton High School, Hazelton, Pa.
- Eltrurian, The — Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.
- Echo, The — Gouverneur High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.
- Graphic, The — Amherst High School, Northampton, Mass.
- Greenleaf, The — Carapopolis High School, Carapopolis, Pittsburgh.
- Garnet and White, The — West Chester, Pa.
- Hernnica, The — Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.
- High School News, The — Geneva High School, Geneva, N. Y.
- Huron Alphomega, The — Huron College, Huron, South Dakota.
- Hilton, The — Dickinson High School, Jersey City, N. J.
- Houghton Star, The — Houghton High School, Houghton, N. Y.
- Habit, The — Salina, Kansas.
- High School News, The — The Stevens High School, Lancaster, Pa.
- Index, The — South High School, Worcester, Mass.
- Kingfisher, The — Kingfisher College, Kingfisher, Oklahoma.
- Keramos, The — East Liverpool, Ohio.
- Lyc e u m, The — Chillicothe High School, Chillicothe, Ohio.
- Laselle Leaves, The — Laselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.
- Massachusetts Collegian, The — Mass. Agriculture College, Amherst, Mass.

Mirror, The — Pratt County High School, Pratt, Kansas.

Y.

Record, The — Girls High School, Louisville, Ky.

Record, The — Smith Academy, St. Louis, Mo.

We were asked why we do not comment on all of our exchanges. We should like to very much, but kindly look at our exchange department — then answer the question yourself. All the comments we do make are strictly neutral and we hope you will receive them as such. We try to make our comments just and we hope to receive the same treatment.

"The Megunticook," a new paper added to our exchange list, we welcome you. Why have you no exchange department? You have your list down but no criticisms. Come again.

"The Vermont Pioneer," another stranger but glad to meet you. A nicely gotten up paper.

The Way of the World and "Pep" In the Grange are two clever poems. Your athletic department seems to be very small.

"The Coburn Clarion:" Your stories are excellent.

"The Record," Smith Academy: Your paper is one of the best of our exchanges. It is not only well written but the drawings and ads. are very good.

"The Brocktonia:" Yours is a very good paper. The pictures reflect the school activities. Your paper shows good spirit.

"The Nugget:" The Football number is a wonderful one. Your ads, athletics, stories and jokes are better than the majority. Always welcome.

"The Dragon:" Excellent paper, — your cuts exceedingly good. Come again.

"The Keramos:" You have a

pretty cover, a wonderful business department, excellent type, good athletics, fine pictures and a good book from cover to cover.

"The Index:" You have a first grade paper if it wasn't for its cover.

"The Lyceum:" A nicely gotten up paper. Your cut on the cover is very good. Come again.

Our school paper is spelled "Archon" and your paper will reach us by sending it to Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Massachusetts.

LOCALS

(Continued from Page 14.)

Mr. Evans: "What does 'tale' mean?"

Drake: "Counts the sheeps' tales."

Mr. Evans: "Oh, sometime over less than year ago." (About how long is that Mr. Evans?)

DOES IT PAY?

Continued from Page 12
about.

As before, from Spud's cuff fell the familiar pad.

Suddenly a hand grasped Spud's shoulder. It was Mr. Webster!

"Get out! I'll take your work," bellowed the teacher. "It doesn't pay, Baird!"

When Mr. Arthur Richman read his son's second report a broad smile crossed his face.

Leaning back in his arm chair he sighed, "Walter has gone up 15 points in his worst study, eh? I knew he could make it! He's now learning something — that it pays to work in life."

(The end.)

Mr. Horne's favorite tune: "I don't care if he is a hound, you got to stop kicking my 'dorg' aroun."

Fred W. Peabody

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